

CLARA MORRIS TELLS ANNA VALENTINA'S PATHETIC STORY

Actress Makes for The Evening World a Study of Woman Sentenced to Die on the Scaffold for the Murder of Her Rival.

CLARA MORRIS has made a careful study for The Evening World of the case of Anna Valentina, the Jersey murderess, who is soon to be hanged in Hackensack unless the Federal Courts interfere. Miss Morris visited the unfortunate woman in her cell in prison, talked with her of her life and her crime and made some interesting observations.

In her own powerful style she has told the story for The Evening World. It is a pathetic story, which has never been so adequately told before, and it ought to win for the grim, gaunt, friendless woman, awaiting her death in the Hackensack jail, a great deal of sympathy from people who before now have had but a superficial knowledge of her life and the events leading up to her crime.

BY CLARA MORRIS.

There is a certain attitude of mind that seems to be common to the murderers of to-day when they face a jury. They seem to argue: "Here I am, accused of killing. If this jury says I am guilty I must give up my life at scaffold or chair. But if I very self say that I am guilty it means a long and comfortable life in prison." So he concludes that that is better than no life, and changes his plea.

It is not so very long ago since a well-dressed, well-mannered man, who looked superior to his acknowledged profession of gambling, killed outright one and maimed several of his former associates—to be frank, he shot up the whole establishment, and the ambulance doctor, being young and not well seasoned yet, had declared in a rather faint voice that the place "looked like a shambles or a battle field."

Fortunately for the chances of the defending lawyer, there had been some other and wilder firing—his client was not one to shoot wild, however—and in a multiplicity of bullets he hoped to find safety for the accused; and after a great fitting of cartridges to various builds of guns the lawyer passionately declared "he would be willing to wager his life on the assertion that no cartridge from his client's revolver had pierced the breast of the man now dead! Some other hand had aimed," &c., &c.

He Studied the Jury.

And the steely eyes of the accused, steadily, surely, read the faces of the jury and understood so well that, in spite of the frantic remonstrances and furious anger of his lawyer, he took the stand in his own behalf. Turning his chill, calm face toward the doubting twelve, his level glance holding them as in a vise, in even tones he said:

"Gentlemen I am considered one of the expert shots of America; and it was my bullet that killed Mr. X.—that night."

The startled in-take of breath by all present might have been the single gasp of an individual. A thrill ran through every heart at such incredible boldness, while for the moment it almost seemed that he had "dropped" his lawyer as well as his ex-plea. He, livid and helpless, saw his line of defense crumble into dust as steadily his client went on with his story. Of course he claimed self-defense as the motive of his shooting match, and though the claim was wofully thin it served. For, astute and keen, he neither bragged nor blustered, and the people, forgetting the prejudice caused by his culpably irregular life, saw only what they called the splendid courage and truthfulness of the man—and set him free.

The whole thing simply proving that Mr. Jack Hamlin, of California, introduced to us all by the late Mr. Bret Harte, is not dead, but living in our midst.

The Value of Courage.

Courage—truthfulness? Why it was the very quintessence of the gambling spirit. Just as the accused man had many and many a time "bucked the tiger," so with calm eye and tense nerve he that day "bucked at death," and rest assured he never knew a greater moment than when he sat there—playing his lone hand, knowing his life was the stake. It was like tossing up a coin while whispering: "Head—my freedom; tail—the chair!"

Then, just the other day, a young person whose brain had all gone wrong, who was quite irresponsible—so the wise men told us—for the shocking crime he had committed, yet was so strangely clear of mind as to be able to anticipate the decision of his jury, and also craved permission to change his plea from innocence to murder in the second degree, and, laughing contentedly, has gone on his way to imprisonment for practically a lifetime.

And yet what has proved so agreeable a sauce for these ganders of crime does not seem to be allowed to that poor, dull plumaged goose penned closely in jail—old Anna Valentina—who, the moment she emerged from the blood-shedder's daze, sought out the authorities, confessed her crime and gave herself up. Think, please, what that meant.

No Emotional Insanity for Her.

No flight; no hiding; no stern chase pursuit; false scents and useless journeys to and fro; no warrant; detective, &c.—not even a claim of emotional insanity set up; therefore no awe-inspiring fees to be paid to prominent alienists. Why, one would think the taxpayers of New Jersey would rise up and, calling her blessed for what she has saved them, would grant the poor forlorn woman the same grace shown to less deserving persons—who first lie on oath, and then, whipped to it by terror, plead guilty.

Of course, it must be all right; strictly legal and absolutely just—only—well sex is a handicap sometimes, and as a poor female thing I can't seem to recognize that perfect equality that exists in the eye of the law. Some day I may get educated up to full and respectful comprehension, and then such light badinage on criminal cases as that indulged in Jersey City by a prominent public character, who spitefully remarked of the Valentina woman: "I hat a Dago worse than poison!—ah, let her hang!"—will not seem to color public opinion or be at all reprehensible.

Alone—always alone! at her barred window! Old, sad, sin-stained, her mind narrow, dark, uncultivated. No chambers there are filled with bright pictures of past joys, friendships, travels. Her past is one hideous memory; her future one horrible dread, and her present one long, secret agony of longing!

Shakespeare Drew Her Portrait.

Ah, never doubt it! Read this:

"—the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

and see the portrait of Anna Valentina projected hundreds of years ago by great Shakespeare's power; for by the will of God this woman was born with nature's black mark of ugliness set over against her person; and now, broken with work gaunt with want, hideous from exposure, grief and shame, she truly is a human toad of repellant ugliness—yet wears the precious jewel of a love imperishable, tender, passionate, all-enduring, selfless! Such a love as drags the head to respectful bending, while yet it blurs the eye with pity!

That the object of her devotion was vile and utterly unworthy does not lessen the beauty of her loyalty. Such a sordid tragedy. The great amazon of a woman, with the strength of two ordinary men in her then stalwart body. She had, too, a little money. You might smile at the amount, but it served to dazzle the imagination and turn to flame the smoldering avarice of Calucci, her countryman. So, craftily, after a long look ahead, he laid his plans and started in to pay his show game by telling Anna Valentina that he loved her.

The great unsought, lonely creature saw the new grim land blossom gloriously, and for mere lip service she gave a passion trust of gratitude, of love unchangeable. And so she worked and worked, and answered ever: "Oh, Mike—the very good man—he marry me—oh, yes—if not to-day—some

MURDERESS AND ACTRESS WHO STUDIED HER.

Clara Morris Wonders at Incongruities of the Law and Speculates as to Whether the State of New Jersey Will Lower Itself to a Level Where It Can Strangle Anna Valentina to Death.



Anna Valentina.

Clara Morris

other day—when he not so poor—when we have house and he is padrone—oh, yes!"

Gave All She Had for Him.

A hard man; mean; malicious; with crafty, cruel eyes; he measured the great strength of the woman, bound to his service by her love, and demanded more of her. She knew his trade better than he did. He set her to act as boss over a gang of men, while yet she cooked and cleaned and made and mended as before. More and more she worked through the bitter, biting cold of winter and the killing heat of summer, with less, and ever less, of clothing and of food. For him the good goat's-milk cheese, the Italian wine, the salad drenched with pure oil of olive, pungent with garlic and tarragon. For her the hunch of hard black bread and the sop of vinegar from the bottom of his empty bowl. Still, "If not to-day—another day"—and she made no complaint, for this brutal creature was as a god to her.

Then came the buying of the bit of land with Anna's money—gladly given, for surely, surely that was a long step taken toward that great day when she would be wife to Mike Calucci.

Then came the monstrous cruelty of making her shoulder the hod and strain up ladders, bent double beneath her load of brick or mortar. The imagination sickens at the picture; yet this poor woman, living thus in open sin, was no outcast to her neighbors and country-people. Densely ignorant of the conventionalities of the outer world, in Anna's unquestioned loyalty and Calucci's promise of marriage, they saw a perfectly respectable relation—but they had fallen into the habit of calling her "Old Anna." For ten under-fed years of unceasing over-strain at work had plowed the furrows that only twenty or thirty years should have left on

that sun-baked face. Yes, she was changed. She was gaunt and hard; all softness, all pliability had gone out of her. Her joints had stiffened; her muscles were rigid; she stumped heavily about, after the manner of the laboring man—and one or two women remember the time when Anna Valentina received the awful blow, when she learned she was a beast of burden and no longer a woman.

Alone in Sorrow and Agony.

"Yes, she shut herself up—alone!" No doubt of that, she shut herself up alone, with the agony of her discovery. Alone—to say farewell to that secret longing to see a babe of hers in the arms of the one man this world held for her! Never would she thrill to agony of bliss under the touch of plundering little hands in her poor shrunken bosom! And this had come from the unnatural life Calucci had forced upon her. But she spoke no word of blame. "He not know," she said, and after that added maternal love to the other.

And then, almost at the end of endurance, the wonderful house—their house, built by this more wonderful woman; and her dream grew bright, in spite of the savage temper Mike was displaying. "Soon they would marry and she would be the padrone's wife, and have black dresses, and who knew, perhaps gold earrings, too; and she—oh, she would love him—her husband, so!"

Then came the Salza; and the sky blackened over Anna's head. Merciful, sly, this Rosa had a young, empty face; a well-fed, smooth plumpness of figure; a cheerful willingness to sell her smiles to the highest bidder, and a wellspring of malice that bubbled to the very lips of her.

Her Caresses Grow Worthless.

Calucci was old and ugly but he owned the house by right of treachery toward the woman who had earned it—so empty laughter greeted his ears and worthless caresses were lavished upon him.

Anna had seen, and was brutally hurled from her only shelter. Now penniless, she worked and worked for the broken food left by the family she served, with now and then a day's job elsewhere. "And that—white soft thing—hid in the house she had built—and mocked her—reviled her—laughed at her poverty—made loathly signs"—oh, it was maddening, but a certain rough dignity kept the sufferer silent.

Then came the twins to Salza, and her jeering claim—"probably false"—that they were Mike's babies. These mites, held up at the win-

Important Foreign and Telegraphic News.

Not Gambling, Holds Court

MONTGOMERY, ALA., JUNE 9.—In the case of G. A. Nuckles, against J. F. Hooper from Marshall County, the Supreme Court of Alabama holds that transactions in cotton futures are not gambling, but a legitimate business. Nuckles gave a mortgage on some property as security for margins and an effort was made to foreclose the mortgage. He contended that the mortgage was invalid inasmuch as it was given to secure a gambling debt.

France Likes Capt. Mott.

PARIS, JUNE 9.—Capt. T. Bentley Mott, the retiring American Military Attaché here, has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor with a letter from former Foreign Minister Delcasse under whom it was bestowed. Capt. Mott's successor, Capt. William S. Guinnard, has arrived here and has taken up his duties, but Capt. Mott will remain until September, when he will serve on the staff of Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, head of the American mission to the French Army manoeuvres.

New Commons Speaker.

LONDON, June 9.—James William Lowther (Conservative), Deputy Speaker and Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, has been unanimously elected Speaker of the House of Commons in succession to William Court Gully, resigned. This is the first time since 1836 that the Conservatives have been able to put one of their own party in the chair.

Knights Re-Elect Officers.

LOS ANGELES, JUNE 9.—The Knights of Columbus have re-elected all the national officers, headed by Supreme Knight Edward L. Hoern, and selected New Haven, Conn., as the place for holding the next national convention.

Castro Sworn In Again.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, JUNE 9.—President Castro will be formally installed as President of Venezuela at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

No Extra Charge for It. Advertisements for The World may be left at any American District Messenger Office in the city until 5 P. M.

Rushing Chicago's Tunnel.

CHICAGO, JUNE 9.—By the last of August the Chicago Subway Company will be handling freight to and from practically all the railroad terminals of Chicago. Work on the bore is being rushed day and night, an added impetus having been given by the teamsters' strike. A remarkable record in tunnel construction has been made in the last two months, more than five miles of underground passages having been finished. The company now has nearly thirty-two miles of bore, interlacing the district bounded by Twelfth and Halsted streets, Chicago avenue and the lake. This is being equipped with trolleys and laid with heavy rails for the use of the electric road on which the merchandise will be carried forty feet beneath the level of the city's streets.

Ladd Going to Japan.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 9.—Prof. George T. Ladd, of Yale University, will go to Japan for one or two years at the close of the war between Russia and Japan, by special arrangement, and, under the auspices of the Imperial Education Society of Japan, aid in the development of the system of education in that country.

Five Inches of Snow Fell.

CONCORD, N. H., JUNE 9.—Passengers arrive here from the northern part of the State tell of wintry weather in the White Mountains. Five inches of snow fell yesterday at Fabyan's. At Canaan, much farther south, the thermometer fell to a few degrees above the freezing point and a sleet storm was in progress for an hour.

To Entertain Roosevelts.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—President Roosevelt will leave Washington today for Rapidan, Virginia, to remain until Monday. Mrs. Roosevelt recently bought a country home there adjoining that of Dr. Joseph Wilmer, of this city, and the President will inspect the place. Mrs. Roosevelt went thither yesterday. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt will be entertained by Mrs. Wilmer.

Judge Field 90 Years Old.

ATHOL, MASS., JUNE 9.—Judge Charles Field, of the First District Court of Northern Worcester, said to be the oldest Justice in the country in active judicial service, observed the ninetieth anniversary of his birth today. Judge Field holds court at Athol and Gardner several days each week.

Poisoned by Ice Cream.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE 9.—Twenty-two guests of a local hotel were suddenly taken ill yesterday shortly after dinner. Ice cream was served at the meal, and attendant physicians attribute the sickness to some preservative used in the milk or ptomaine poison. Five doctors are engaged among the affected guests, some of whom are in a serious condition. The list of sufferers includes Chief Templar C. T. Kelly, Independent Order of Good Templars of Tennessee; Empire W. C. Black of the Southern Baseball League; "Red" Russell and "Doc" Wiseman of the Nashville Baseball Club, several members of theatrical attractions showing here, and six members of a criminal court jury.

Balks at Oil Trust.

LONDON, June 9.—The Daily Mail's correspondent at Simla, British India, says that the Government of Burma has refused to grant the Standard Oil Company a license to store refined petroleum at a site on the Rangoon River.

King Victor and Schools.

ROME, June 9.—King Victor Emmanuel has received in private audience Congressman James T. McCleary, of Minnesota, and conferred with him cordially about the schools and educational methods of the United States.

The Graphic Story of Grim, Gaunt Woman Given in Vigorous Style—A Tale Never Before Presented to the Public.

CLARA MORRIS'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE CASE OF ANNA VALENTINA

And yet what has proved so agreeable a sauce for these ganders of crime—more popular murderers—does not seem to be allowed to that poor, dull-plumaged goose, penned closely in jail—old Anna Valentina.

Of course it must be all right, strictly legal and absolutely just—only—well, sex is a handicap sometimes, and as a poor female thing I can't seem to recognize that perfect equality that exists in the eyes of the law.

For him, Calucci, the good goat's milk cheese, the Italian wine, the salad drenched with the pure oil of the olive, pungent with garlic and tarragon; for her, the hunch of hard black bread and a sop of vinegar from the bottom of his empty bowl.

And that white, soft thing (the Salza girl) hid in the house she had built and mocked her, reviled her, laughed at her poverty, made loathly signs. Oh, it was maddening!

She confessed the crime, but perhaps she should have said in the second degree. I wonder if that is a shibboleth—in the second degree. I wonder if the great State of New Jersey can afford to lower itself to the level of this poor, ignorant, passion-driven creature, and, holding its ermine carefully aside, strangle this woman to death.

And oh, I wonder if those who hold this poor woman's spoiled remnant of life in their hands will not, in the memory of the Master's tender plea for "the least of these" show pity on her womanhood. . . . I wonder, I wonder.

dow as she passed, must have pierced that tormented heart. Still, incredible as it seems, old Anna hoped that her beloved would return.

Finally the devil cruelly entered wholly into the woman in possession. She called old Anna up to her. That she meant to torture her was evidenced by her carrying a babe upon her arm; that she expected to arouse her to frenzy was evidenced by her holding a knife behind her skirts to be ready if she made a threat or attempted to attack her.

Mad from Agony—Then Murder.

And so she jibed and insulted and browbeat, until the old woman went mad with the agony, and tore the knife away from "the soft, venomous, white thing," and struck and struck until the voice of a neighbor cried:

"Anna! Anna! what are you doing?"

And slowly and stupidly she stammered: "I—I—I do not know;" and then she left the house of her great dream forever. Her love, having already cost her everything on earth, had now cost her her soul!

Yes, she confessed the crime. But perhaps she should have said: "In the second degree." I wonder if that is a shibboleth—"In the second degree." I wonder if the great State of New Jersey can afford to lower itself to the level of this poor, ignorant, passion-driven creature, and holding its ermine carefully aside strangle this woman to death, claiming all the time that the law does not mean vengeance—only punishment as a warning.

And oh, I wonder if those who hold this poor woman's spoiled remnant of life in their hands will not, in the memory of the Master's tender plea for "the least of these" show pity upon her womanhood and spare her the shameful indignities of the scaffold. I wonder—I wonder.

KING ALFONSO FEEDS THE MONKEYS

Gives Nuts to the Simians, then Biscuits to the Elephants in the London Zoo.

LONDON, June 9.—This was the last day of King Alfonso's stay in London. He leaves here early to-morrow morning for Spain.

The King spent this morning in witnessing a drill of the first brigade, inspecting the National Gallery of pictures and in seeing the Zoological Gardens, where he joined other youthful visitors in feeding the monkeys with nuts and the elephants with biscuits.

Subsequently the young King, accompanied by King Edward, went to Windsor.

A state ball at Buckingham Palace to-night winds up the programme for King Alfonso's entertainment.

FRENCH WAR VESSEL FOR PAUL JONES.

Torpedo Boat Will Likely Carry Body Down the Seine to American Ships.

PARIS, June 9.—The French Government has indicated its willingness to assign a torpedo boat to carry the body of Paul Jones down the River Seine from Paris to Havre, where a French squadron will deliver the body to the American squadron.

This will necessitate a change in the rendezvous of the American squadron from Cherbourg to Havre, which is now under consideration.

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